

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

THOMAS PYNE, M. D., Licentiate of the College of Physicians, Fellow of the University of Göttingen, Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Hall of Ireland, Licentiate of the College of Surgeons, Dublin, Ireland. At his Residence, Garbutt Hill, NEWMARKET. NEWMARKET, C. W., October 31st, 1855. 15-30

WALTER D. GEMIE, M. D., Licentiate of the College of Physicians, Fellow of the University of Göttingen, Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Hall of Ireland, Licentiate of the College of Surgeons, Dublin, Ireland. At his Residence, Garbutt Hill, NEWMARKET. NEWMARKET, C. W., October 31st, 1855. 15-30

Charles Sibbald, LAND INSURANCE, AND Broker and Commission Merchant, Of Grain, Lumber, and Produce, NEWMARKET. REFERENCES:—The Hon. Sir J. B. Robt. Esq., Bart., Chief Justice, John Arnold, Esq., C. H. Howard, Esq., Toronto; Wm. Ross Esq., Newmarket. NEWMARKET, May 17, 1851. 15-11

T. BOTSFORD, Saddler, Harness and TRUNK MAKER, One door South of the N. American Hotel, Main St. NEWMARKET. All Orders Promptly Attended to. NEWMARKET, Dec. 1st, 1854. 15-1

SETH ASHTON, General Auctioneer, For Whitechurch and Adjoining Townships. PARTIES desiring to secure his services can make application either personally or by letter, (post-paid) to the New Era Office, Newmarket. NEWMARKET, May 4, 1854. 15-13

R. MOORE, Solicitor, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c. OFFICE—IN THE NEW YORK HOTEL, NEXT TO THE COURT HOUSE OFFICE, TORONTO. Toronto, Feb. 17, 1854.

R. C. McMULLEN, Notary Public, Conveyancer, House, Land, General Commission, Division Court Agent, Auctioneer, Broker, &c. Secretary and Treasurer to the Home District Building Society, Commissioner and Auctioneer. Church-st., Toronto, July 5, 1853. 15-23

JOHN R. JONES, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c. Office in Elgin Buildings, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto. 23 1/2

Messrs. FORD & GROVER, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, NEWMARKET. KEEP constantly on hand a variety of Medicines, of their own compound, adapted to the various diseases incident to the changeable climate in which we live. Also, the Celebrated American Oil, For the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Sprains, Old Sores, Scalds, Head-aches, Stomachic, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, &c.; together with a general assortment of approved Patent Medicines. Prompt attention to all who may favor us with a call. ADVICE AT THE OFFICE GRATIS. NEWMARKET, April 7th, 1854. 15-9

Newmarket Iron Foundry. JAMES ALLAN begs to return thanks for past favors, and to intimate that he is prepared to cast STOVES, SUGAR KETTLES, MACHINE CASTINGS, and other articles usually required in his line of business. A number of SUGAR KETTLES, STOVES, and PLOUGHS, on hand for sale. Newmarket, February 10th, 1854. 15-1

A. SUTTON, WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER, MAIN STREET, NEWMARKET. ALL kinds of Watches and Clocks repaired to order, and Warranted. WANTED—An Apprentice to learn the Business. NEWMARKET, September 9, 1853. 15-32

MANSION HOUSE, MAIN STREET, NEWMARKET, KEPT BY THOMAS MOSIER. GOOD Stables and Stabling, and first-rate accommodation. NEWMARKET, Feb. 9, 1855. 15-1

W. MOSELEY, CONVEYANCER AND LAND AGENT, Commissioner in the Queen's Bench, Office on Yonge Street. Aurora, 25th May, 1855. 15-17

H. CHANTLER & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in British and American Drugs, CHEMICALS, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Colors, Varnish, Dye-Stuffs, &c. Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared. LESLIE'S OLD STAND, KING-ST. Toronto, June 13th, 1855.

POETRY.

The Soldier's Bride. BY JAMES WHITEHEAD. The peeling drum, and clashing horn Echoed through the flowery dell,— Fair Anna, pressed her heart forlorn As William fondly breathed "farewell!" Dispel those childish fears he cried, "I'll soon, returning, hail my bride." Adieu! she kissed her lily hand And waved her snowy kerchief white; With aching eyes she saw him stand, "Might glimmering flees of error bright— Bid him advance, with manly stride, And loave behind his weeping bride." She strain'd her vision, watch'd the brave With haughty bearing, onward sweep; Gay flaming banners o'er them wave, O'er hearts that high with glory leap; Yet many a tear dimm'd eyes of pride To gaze on William's fairy bride. But list! he heard ye that booming sound Which shook the trembling earth afar? 'Tis the harbinger of Death, profound, Awakes the dire turmoil of war, 'Tis there ambition, stalks in gilded pride, Nor heeds her victim's sorrowing bride. Flushed by success brave William bade, With vindictive meins, his comrades on,— Each drew his shining battle blade, And ruled on death, or victory won, Just Heaven, in mercy, Anna cried, Spare my William for his bride. She in safety mark'd his daring deeds, Trembling heard his warlike cry,— But horror, can it be her hero bleed? Or in fancy does she see him die. He falls, he's mine, death exulting cried, Woe, woe! thy bridegroom thou hapless bride. Adown the steep, devoid of dread, Borne of reason, all hopes have flown; A ravine mounds the wildly sped And sunk in his cold embrace, her own. Mark yonder stone on the mountain's side, There sleeps the "Soldier and his bride." Shroton, Sept. 17th, 1855.

LITERATURE.

From Babo's Monthly Magazine. The Torn Almanac: OR, CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. The Prairie over which my road lay was just mingling its sea-like outlines with the purple haze of the horizon, and was becoming so indistinct to the vision that it might have been taken for the ocean in the twilight obscurity; while groups of oaks here and there looked like dark islands. A few stars had begun to tremble, and over the level expanse of prairie was visible the bright light of a blacksmith's shop, shining like a planet just risen. The path was lonely, and as lonely I felt in my saddle as I had once before felt in an open boat at night on the star-light sea. My pony quickened her pace as she saw the light, and after a mile's smart riding I could see the outline of a low roof on the verge of a little wood, just where the prairie bended towards the river. At this moment two persons drew near on horseback, coming towards me. They were a young man and young woman, and were conversing in low tones. The girl was mounted upon a large white horse, and her companion rode a homely-looking mule. "Good evening, sir," said he, in a cheerful tone, as we met each other. "There was not light enough for me to see their features, but there was an indelible air about the female that convinced me she was very handsome. As they went on I heard them talking and laughing, and more than once the sweet, clear laugh of the girl reached my ears. "Lovers, I dare say," I said, in my thoughts, "and are going to the next plantation." "This I had passed about four miles back across the prairie; and besides the planter's house, there was a woodman's hut, a rood country meeting-house in the trees, and one or two residences of neighbors; a prairie hamlet. In a few minutes I reached the blacksmith's open door. The fire was now blazing, but going down, and Wat Cameron, the young smith, was walking up and down his shop with a hasty and angry step, and the gleaming coals of his furnace cast a wild glare upon an angry brow. He was so absorbed in his own gloomy thoughts that I approached unheard, and heard him mutter, "They shall never see the day!" At this moment the footfall of my pony rang against a fragment of iron on the ground, and he looked quickly up. "Who's there?" he demanded, almost fiercely. "It is me, Cameron," I answered; for I was known to him having only the week before had my pony shod by him on my way up, had twice lodged at his neat little cabin near his shop, for the blacksmith entertained belated travelers with such accommodation and fare as he had, though, being a young bachelor, his housekeeping was rather of the border sort; but as he was a good huntsman, and game was plenty, venison and wild turkey were seldom wanting at his board. Cameron's father had been an old Indian fighter, and after the wars had settled in a rough, unthrifty kind of way upon a body of rich land bordering the prairie; but what with his own free habits, and the wild life of his son Watkins, in dissipating every few weeks at the river town of Aberdeen, fifteen or eighteen miles distant, there remained but a few acres after the old man's death, which took place at a shooting-match over the creek for having lost at every shot, and enraged by drink, he quarrelled with the winner, and was only prevented from killing him dead with his rifle by the quick eye and hand of the other, who fired half a second before him. Wat, his son was absent at the time, but on his return took up the feud, and not being able to kill his father's murderer, quarrelled with his son, a fine cheerful brave young fellow, and not being able to provoke him to hostilities, one day fired at him as he passed his shop, but missing him killed his horse. "Well, Wat," said the young man, quietly, as he disengaged himself from the saddle, "I hope you will let my mare go as an offset to the old mare. I could not well afford to lose her, but let it stop here and be even-ty." Cameron made no reply, but sullenly dropping his rifle into the hollow of his arm, he passed through his shop and out into the woods. This occurred two years prior to the evening on which I drew again at Cameron's door. In the interim, within a few months past, the daughter of a farmer in good circumstances, who had been to one of the lower counties to school for four years, returned in all the bloom and grace and intelligence of a sprightly young lady and was soon recognized as the belle of the prairies. Cameron, who was himself a tall good-looking fellow, with a bright black eye, and jet hair, first saw her as one day she rode by with her father, both on horseback. He stopped to speak with Cameron about a plough and the daughter, being introduced, the young smith was instantly bewitched by her beauty, at the same time annoyed at his scarcely recognizing her, wherefore she acknowledged his bow. In that country, aristocracy of occupation is wholly unknown, and a young blacksmith of good character could sit an equal at the cotton growers table. Among country people, labor and mechanical employment does not degrade. "A man is a man for a' that." Paul Randolph, at whom Cameron had shot, was a small planter, but on his horse-side he carried on a wheelwright's trade also; so the young men were on equal social footing. A few days elapsed and Watkins Cameron resolved to make some errand to the house of the prairie beauty, for he had done nothing else but think of her, and dream of her and think of the imagination, in which she was to reign the queen. Mounted upon a fine horse and dressed in his best apparel, Cameron alighted at the gate one Sunday evening, and was received by the farmer with a cordial shake of the hand. The young lady, Katherine Deerfield, or "Kate," as she was termed, did not recognize in the well-dressed and handsome young warrior the blacksmith in his shirt sleeves and leather apron, and received him with a grace and civility that greatly flattered him. She had not heard his name distinctly, but half an hour afterwards when it was spoken by her father, a change immediately came over her face, and coldness and reserve took the place of her previous frankness. It was too apparent to Cameron not to be felt, and without being able to divine the cause, he vainly tried to converse with her, but finding her answers brief and repelling, he arose, deeply mortified and vexed and took his leave, haughtily and angrily bowing to her. He galloped homewards across the prairies in a rage. His horse was white with foam, and panting as if he had run a race, when he drew rein at his own door. "Proud minx! she scorns the blacksmith!" he muttered, as he entered his cabin. "I will humble her! She did not know me at first, it seems. So, perhaps she has an admirer, and can do without me. Whoever it is, we are foes to the knife-hilt!" Not many days afterward, Cameron's suspicions were confirmed. Kate Deerfield had an admirer, and he was none other than Paul Randolph, a man he loved not well. From the hour this intelligence reached him he became gloomy, sullen and unsocial. He kept his secret in his heart, but those who had occasion to go to his shop were heard to say that, "Wat would do his work, but never a civil word gave he to any comar higher or low." It was not the mere "blacksmith" that Katherine treated coldly on the Sunday evening we have before alluded to, but the assassin, the man who had fired, with intent to kill, Paul Randolph—for Paul was already received as her admirer before the visit of Watkins—and her frank, generous nature led her to show at once her contempt of a man of spirit and temper like that exhibited in Cameron's character. There was also another lover; a young merchant of the next village, who pretended business with her father in order to make suit to the daughter; but she had but one heart, and it was given to Paul, who had been her "lover" when both were children, and before she left her father's roof to go to the boarding school from which she had returned the beauty prairie. All the young men, to be sure, who saw her at the country church, fell in love with her, and she was more talked of and visited than any other maiden of the prairies. She was attractive by her amiable temper, beauty of features, goodness of heart, intelligence and fine spirits. She was so agreeable to all (save Cameron) that every youth fancied himself the only one favored with her sweetest and most winning smile. Yet Kate was not a flirt. Her good nature made it hard for her to treat with coldness any one who sought her society. Her whole heart was Paul's; but her smiles were like the sunshine, dispensed to all within her influence. Being an only child, she was an heir for the part of the world, and probably would bring a "fortune" of fifteen thousand dollars to the successful suitor for her hand. But the young man though only of her beautiful face; and Paul had not a selfish feeling in his heart. Cameron's motives were not apparent but the merchant evidently had an eye to the fifteen thousand dollars and enlarging his business; at least that was whispered for he was a parsimonious and a "hard man." Having thus initiated the reader into the

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my troops I can assure you that everything in Karabelnia was blown up, and from what I can see, the same must be the case on the left line of our attack. This immense success does the greatest honor to our troops. Everything is quiet on the Tchernaya. RUSSIAN ACCOUNT. The following dispatch is from Prince Gortschakoff and dated on the night of the 9th. The garrison of Sebastopol, after sustaining an infernal fire withstood six assaults but could not drive the enemy from the Malakoff tower; our brave troops who resisted to the last extremely now passing over to the northern part of Sebastopol. The enemy found nothing in the southern part but blood-stained ruins. On the 9th of September the passage to the northern side was accomplished with the loss of 100 men. I regret to say 300 men were previously wounded on the southern side. Further by the America. FROM PHILADELPHIA. VARNIA, Sept. 9th, 1854. The attack upon the Malakoff was made at noon on Saturday. Its redoubts and the Redan, in the side of Careening Bay, were occupied by our brave soldiers, with admirable enthusiasm, to the cry of "Vive l'Empereur." We occupied ourselves with endeavoring to secure our position, and succeeded in the object at the Malakoff. The Redan on the side of Careening Bay could not be maintained in the face of the powerful artillery which overwhelmed the first occupants, which, however, our firm settlement in the Malakoff will cause to succumb, together with the Redan, which our brave allies attacked with their habitual vigor, and seized, but were obliged to cede the work again to powerful artillery and reserves of our Eagles lying on the the Malakoff, General Desvignes made two attacks upon the Central Bastion; these however did not succeed, and our troops retired to their trenches. Our losses are serious, and cannot yet precisely be indicated. They are amply compensated by the capture of the Malakoff, the consequences of which will be immense.—620 soldiers and 27 officers were taken prisoners. Evacuation of the southern side—during the night the Russians have sunk all the remainder of the line of battle ships in Sebastopol harbor. Pelissier's telegram was at 8 p.m. of the 9th. The enemy has sunk his steam-vessels—the work of destruction continues under the fire of our mortars. As mines are successively sprung at different points, it is my duty to defer entering the place, which has the appearance of a great furnace. Gortschakoff being closely pressed by our fire, has demanded an armistice to carry off his wounded. The bridge near Fort St. Paul, has been destroyed by the enemy. General Marmora writes, that the Russians have withdrawn from the town, after having set it on fire, and blown up all the public buildings and works of defence, and sunk their last ships. Pelissier subsequently reports, Sept. 10th, 11 p.m.—"I inspected Sebastopol to-day and its lines of defence—the mind cannot form an exact picture of our victory—the full extent of which can only be understood by personal inspection—the multiplicity of the works and the material means applied to them exceeds by far any litho seen in the history of war. The enemy have left in the hand of the allies an amount of material and immense establishments, the importance of which it is impossible to state exactly. To-morrow the allied troops will occupy the Karabelnia and the town, and under their protection an Anglo-French A Paris correspondent says Pelissier telegraphed for instructions in case Gortschakoff should wish to capitulate. The reply reported is "That the Russians must surrender at discretion, lay down their arms, give up to the Allies all fortified places in the Crimea, including Odessa with the munitions of war and without doing any damage thereto." But Gortschakoff has not yet asked to capitulate. PARIS. A man named Bellemare, fired two pistols at a carriage supposed to contain the Emperor, but which contained only some of the Empress' ladies. The attempt was at the door of the Italian Opera. The assassin was arrested, considered insane and sent to the asylum. ENGLAND. The London Times suggests a day of National thanksgiving. It is surmised in the Clubs that 1200 guns were fired by the allies within the lines of Sebastopol, also that the Russians were falling back on the Bakhshi. But French rumors say Gortschakoff will certainly hold the north side to the last interview. Also that the Allied Admirals have sent a despatch, saying it is not expedient to enter the harbor of Sebastopol until Fort Constantine is silenced. Probably the Allies will attack Fort Constantine and Artillery Bay. Despatches from the Allied Generals detail unimportant proceedings subsequent to the capture of the South side of Sebastopol. Generals MacMahon and Procherare are said to be among the killed, and Gen. Bosquet either killed or wounded. Pelissier had been created a Marshall of France. A general Te Deum had been celebrated in Notre Dame. The Emperor of France attended in person. Queen Victoria had sent a vote of thanks to her army. The Allies were hastening preparations in case Gortschakoff attempts to reach Perikoff, as to unite with Liprandi. Having passed the night in the midst of

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antecedents of the parties to my narrative, I will now resume the thread of the story which I have to tell. Upon alighting at the shop of the blacksmith, he called in a glowing and very disagreeable way: "You had better go on! I don't want any travellers in my house at night!" "I have ridden hard to reach here, Mr. Cameron, and can go no further, as it is ten miles to the next place that entertains people; and the rain storm now rising in the west will be upon me before I go three miles." The man looked at me steadily a moment, and then said, sharply: "Alight! But I have no supper." "It matters not so I have shelter," was my cheerful reply, as I led my horse through the shop towards a small stable in the rear, where my pony had lodged before, when the master of the place was in a better humor than he seemed to be now. I found his own horse here, with his foot bound up, and very lame. "You met a couple of people riding across the prairie?" he said, as I came back and was asking him about his horse's lameness. "Yes." "Did you know them?" "No. They were a young man and woman." "Were they riding fast?" "No; at a walk." "Yes," he muttered, "they will take their time! They will not hurry! Lovers, love to dally!" "Who were they, Cameron?" "How should I know? It was dark when they went past here," he answered with a rude and savage tone. "But go in—go in! I will see after your horse?" This speaking, he led the way at a quick step into the small log dwelling that stood in the yard next to his shop. The house consisted of two rooms only plainly finished. In one of the rooms were three beds. As I was to have no supper, and as there was no light but that of the stars, I had no notion of sitting up; and being fatigued with a long day's ride, I at once went to bed, while he went out, closing the door, and saying: "Don't feel uneasy about your horse. I will feed her well though I have got nothing for you." I soon fell asleep on one of the narrow mattresses filled with pine leaf stuffing; but I was suddenly awakened I know not what startling dream—for though I found myself sitting up in bed, I could not recall any part of the dream that must have made me wake so singularly. All was quiet; but the room was at intervals illumined by vivid lightning, and I heard distinct peals of sharp thunder. The flashes soon became so incessant that I could not sleep, and the thunder drew nearer and grew heavier, so that the house trembled. I looked at my watch by a flash of lightning, and saw that it was half past eight o'clock. I had not been in bed therefore three quarters of an hour. I got up and dressed, and finding a pine knot, lighted it by a match from a box that I always carried in my saddle bags. I then took from them a book and began to read. The wind now began to be heard, and desirous that my pony should be well sheltered from the gathering storm, I went to open the outer door to go out, but found it fast on the other side. Cameron was not in bed and had evidently locked me in without thought. Finding that I could not open the door, I raised a window and stepped out, but had no sooner touched the ground than two large dogs sprung towards me furiously and I regained the window for safety. It soon commenced raining in torrents, and I continued quietly to read by my pine knot, supposing that Cameron might be in his shop doing some late work, though I had heard neither hammering iron nor the ring of anvil. To be Continued.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL.

Arrival of the Washington. New York, Sept. 27. The steamer "Washington" from Bremen via Southampton Sept. 12th, with 340 passengers, arrived at this port this evening. We have the account of the fall of Sebastopol. On the 8th inst., the allies attacked the defences, which were carried after a desperate resistance. In the night the Russians in despair began to sink their ships and blow up their magazines, and in the morning Sebastopol was evacuated. The communication between the northern parts of the town were broken off. A message was received from General Simpson, and appeared in the English journals of the 11th inst.—"Sebastopol is in possession of the allies." The Russians during the night and morning evacuated the south side, after blowing up the magazines and setting fire to the whole town. All the men-of-war were burned during the night, with the exception of three steamers that were lying about the harbor. The Bridge communicating with the North side is broken. General Simpson reports the casualties in the attempt on the Redan as somewhat heavy, but there were no general officers killed. The English loss in the assault of the Redan is estimated at about 2000 killed and wounded. In a Supplement of the Monitor the following telegraphic dispatch appears—received by the French Government from Pelissier—Karabelnia and the Southern front of Sebastopol no longer exists. The eve preceding our solid occupation of the Malakoff the Russians decided upon evacuating the place, after having destroyed and blown up by mines nearly all the defences. Having passed the night in the midst of

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The Paris correspondence says it is reported that 25,000 men were embarked at Balaklava, for the north of Sebastopol. HER MAJESTY'S JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND.—At half-past seven o'clock on Thursday morning her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, Princes Royal, Princes Alice, Helena, and Louisa, attended by Lady Churchill, Hon. Beatrice Byng, Captain Du Platt, Major General the Hon. C. Grey, Col. the Hon. C. B. Plippis, &c., left Buckingham Palace, in four of her Majesty's carriages escorted by a scarlet liver, through St. James's park, up St. James's street, Oxford street, Portland-palace, New road, to the Great Northern Railway, en route to Balmoral. Accommodation was provided by the directors of the railway for all who desired to witness her Majesty's departure. The spacious station was well filled, and the New-road, along with the royal cortege passed, was crowded with persons anxious to catch a glimpse of their sovereign. At a few minutes before eight o'clock her Majesty arrived at the station and was loudly cheered. She was conducted by Mr. Beckett-Denison, M. P., the Chairman of the Board of Directors, to the carriage which was surmounted by the crown, and other members of the royal party were shown into other carriages especially provided for them. The royal train consisted of eight carriages; the royal saloon in which were her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Princes Royal, and the Princes Alice, being in the centre. ARRIVAL AT YORK. The royal train arrived at York punctually at 12 42 p.m., and her Majesty's Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the Royal children, on alighting from their carriages, were hailed with loud and hearty cheers from the large concourse of persons assembled within the station. The arrival platform was laid with tapestry carpeting extending from the north west of the platform up to the principal entrance to the royal Station Hotel. A troop of the 6th Hussars, and a detachment of the 2nd West Light Infantry, formed her Majesty's Guard of Honor. Her Majesty was received by General Sir Harry Smith, General Arbutnot, the Lord Mayor of York (who wore his chain of office) and H. S. Thompson, Esq., the chairman of the North Eastern Company. After a most enthusiastic reception her Majesty took the arm of her royal consort and was escorted by the Lord Mayor to the Royal Station Hotel. Her Majesty, who looked extremely well, wore a silk dress of lavender colour, trimmed with fringe; violet coloured mantle and a primrose and white tulle bonnet. The illustrious parents were followed by their royal children. They went direct to the apartments specially set apart for their occupation; where they partook of luncheon. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.—The Queen visited, the day before yesterday, the tomb of the Emperor. No one of her visits produced a deeper impression. As the review had lasted till very late her Majesty was no longer expected at the Hotel des Invalides; nevertheless, she determined on going there, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The queen arrived consequently at nightfall, followed by a numerous staff, surrounded by the veterans of our old wars, who had hastened to meet her, while she advanced with noble composure towards the last resting place of one who was England's most constant adversary; what a spectacle! How many remembrances with all the contrasts, they brought up to mind! But when by the light of torches the glitter of uniforms, amid the strains of the organ playing "God save the Queen," her majesty was led by the Emperor to the Chapel where the remains of Napoleon lie, that effect was overpowering and immense, the emotion profound, for every one was reflecting that this was no ordinary homage offered at the tomb of a great man, but a solemn act, attesting that the rivalries of the past were forgotten, and that now the union between the two peoples had received its most sincere consecration. QUEEN VICTORIA'S PUNCH.—The Paris correspondent of the London Times relates the following amusing anecdote:—You are probably aware that it is the custom here to post up the official journal, the *Moniteur*, on the walls of the Mairies, for the inspection and perusal of the people. Each morning groups stand and study the paper, or one person reads aloud for the edification of the rest. And it is invariably said—"A une heure La Majesté a pris le lunch aux Tuileries." The word lunch, for which there is no equivalent single word in the French, they cannot make out. Lunch!—what is lunch!—what can be that the English court so regularly takes at one o'clock each day? A reader of the morning, a worker in bronze, has, however, discovered that it was a typographical error on the part of the compositor, and that *Punch*, not *Lunch*, was meant. It was clear as noon day. The English bro knew to like their grog quite as intensely as roast beef, plum-pudding and porter, of which, with tea, they make their breakfast, dinner, and supper, and it was remarked how patriotic Queen Victoria must be, to compel her court to adhere to the customs of old England, even when sojourning in a foreign land. It is now firmly believed that the refreshment served for the use of the court at one o'clock, is a bowl of punch a l'Anglaise.—*Leader*. First old woman—"What does the minister say to our new burying ground?" Second old woman—"He can't like it at all; he says he never will be buried there as long as he lives." First old woman—"Well, if the Lord spares me I will."

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Its redoubts and the Redan, in the side of Careening Bay, were occupied by our brave soldiers, with admirable enthusiasm, to the cry of "Vive l'Empereur." We occupied ourselves with endeavoring to secure our position, and succeeded in the object at the Malakoff. The Redan on the side of Careening Bay could not be maintained in the face of the powerful artillery which overwhelmed the first occupants, which, however, our firm settlement in the Malakoff will cause to succumb, together with the Redan, which our brave allies attacked with their habitual vigor, and seized, but were obliged to cede the work again to powerful artillery and reserves of our Eagles lying on the the Malakoff, General Desvignes made two attacks upon the Central Bastion; these however did not succeed, and our troops retired to their trenches. Our losses are serious, and cannot yet precisely be indicated. They are amply compensated by the capture of the Malakoff, the consequences of which will be immense.—620 soldiers and 27 officers were taken prisoners. Evacuation of the southern side—during the night the Russians have sunk all the remainder of the line of battle ships in Sebastopol harbor. Pelissier's telegram was at 8 p.m. of the 9th. The enemy has sunk his steam-vessels—the work of destruction continues under the fire of our mortars. As mines are successively sprung at different points, it is my duty to defer entering the place, which has the appearance of a great furnace. Gortschakoff being closely pressed by our fire, has demanded an armistice to carry off his wounded. The bridge near Fort St. Paul, has been destroyed by the enemy. General Marmora writes, that the Russians have withdrawn from the town, after having set it on fire, and blown up all the public buildings and works of defence, and sunk their last ships. Pelissier subsequently reports, Sept. 10th, 11 p.m.—"I inspected Sebastopol to-day and its lines of defence—the mind cannot form an exact picture of our victory—the full extent of which can only be understood by personal inspection—the multiplicity of the works and the material means applied to them exceeds by far any litho seen in the history of war. The enemy have left in the hand of the allies an amount of material and immense establishments, the importance of which it is impossible to state exactly. To-morrow the allied troops will occupy the Karabelnia and the town, and under their protection an Anglo-French A Paris correspondent says Pelissier telegraphed for instructions in case Gortschakoff should wish to capitulate. The reply reported is "That the Russians must surrender at discretion, lay down their arms, give up to the Allies all fortified places in the Crimea, including Odessa with the munitions of war and without doing any damage thereto." But Gortschakoff has not yet asked to capitulate. PARIS. A man named Bellemare, fired two pistols at a carriage supposed to contain the Emperor, but which contained only some of the Empress' ladies. The attempt was at the door of the Italian Opera. The assassin was arrested, considered insane and sent to the asylum. ENGLAND. The London Times suggests a day of National thanksgiving. It is surmised in the Clubs that 1200 guns were fired by the allies within the lines of Sebastopol, also that the Russians were falling back on the Bakhshi. But French rumors say Gortschakoff will certainly hold the north side to the last interview. Also that the Allied Admirals have sent a despatch, saying it is not expedient to enter the harbor of Sebastopol until Fort Constantine is silenced. Probably the Allies will attack Fort Constantine and Artillery Bay. Despatches from the Allied Generals detail unimportant proceedings subsequent to the capture of the South side of Sebastopol. Generals MacMahon and Procherare are said to be among the killed, and Gen. Bosquet either killed or wounded. Pelissier had been created a Marshall of France. A general Te Deum had been celebrated in Notre Dame. The Emperor of France attended in person. Queen Victoria had sent a vote of thanks to her army. The Allies were hastening preparations in case Gortschakoff attempts to reach Perikoff, as to unite with Liprandi. Having passed the night in the midst of

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